

IVY LEAVES



SPRING, 1966

Anderson College



IVY LEAVES

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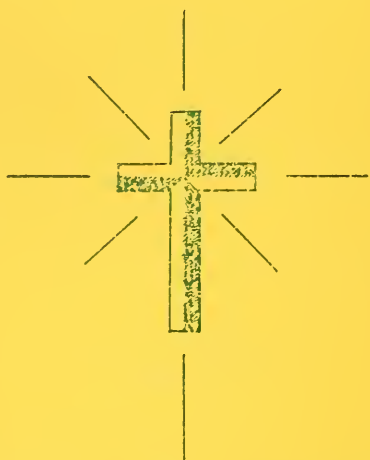
In the spring of 1964 students were asked to submit suggestions for an appropriate title for this new literary magazine. Ellen Tillotson offered the appropriate and popular title—Ivy Leaves. Kathleen Inabinet is the artist.

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Editorial

This spring issue of the **Ivy Leaves** is the last edition of this year, but as before, the literary magazine will continue after we, the present staff, have retired. We have sought to bring some amateur literary accomplishments along with a measure of enjoyment to you the students of Anderson College. We could never do this alone and, being grateful to those who have contributed material to aid us, we ask these people to submit more excellent work and challenge others to give some competition. This would make the job of the new editorial staff much easier and more enjoyable. With that the old staff departs with "Good-bye, thanks to those who were interested, and we hope that in some way we have added to your lives as the experience of our works has added to ours."



Growth Toward God

I wonder how many of us pray to a personal "big daddy" God. We have an unfortunate habit of looking at God through eyes that envision Him in terms much smaller than He could ever be. We pray, not as Jesus taught us, but as a youngster asking advice of an older and wiser person. I am not saying that we should not seek answers to our problems in prayer to the Lord. But as we pray, we should realize and remember that this Lord, that we so humbly kneel in submission to, is an all-powerful being, creator of heaven, earth, sunlight, and life of all kinds including us. We present God as a father to whom we turn in times of need, when really He is not the creator of our physical being but the guardian of our souls. "Our God is too small" may be quoting a line already used in times past, but we are growing up physically and not spiritually. Our attitude toward the magnificence of the Lord God should deepen. Today, as yesterday, we are not yet aware of everlasting ever present God. It is time to say with the poet—

I will heartily lay me a-hold on the greatness of God.

—JACKIE ANDERSON

Lilac Sills

Pots of lilacs hang from my mind,
They are the beauty of remembrance.
They dance,
They dingle,
They sing,
They mingle
In wispy movements of air.
Could I not remember that day
I saw the lilacs
In pots on sills
In spring,
Breathing the purple incense of May!

—RANDOLPH CARLSON

Sharkie

I will always remember the little journey I used to make on foot to reach my favorite and almost secluded spot. I went every day at twilight to Sharkie's front porch, where I would sit and munch on warm cornbread while he told me Civil War stories. I can see him now, bent over his wooden cooking stove, turning hot slabs of cornbread, the aroma of which could be smelled within a mile radius, it seemed.

Sharkie was an old colored man and was just about the most ancient human being I had ever seen. I always had the idea that when a Negro's hair began turning gray, you could be sure he was getting old. Well, Sharkie's fuzzy hair (what little of it I could see from under his misshapened old hat) and his stubble of a beard were almost pure white. He was bent with arthritis and shuffled along, leaning on a crooked stick that he had picked up somewhere.

Yes, many a supper hour found me dashing home from Sharkie's, my bare feet pounding the cool white carpet of sand that covered the narrow dirt road. As I neared the ditches that ran parallel to the road, the sound of my steps always startled a bullfrog. The big, bulging, beady-eyed amphibian would invariably fall back into the black water, starting up an echoing chain of plop-plop-plops all the way to the end of the ditch.

It did not matter if a sudden summer shower caught me on the way home, because I hardly ever felt a drop of rain. There was a great canopy of fragrant, purple wisteria which had twisted around the tree limbs above me.

I always tarried, though, when I came to the north pasture. There the wild, red stallion was kept. It was only from habit that he lingered at the fence every evening for me to pass a glossy, red apple to him under the barbed wire.

Years have passed since then, and time has altered many things. The little dirt road is no longer narrow and white. It has been widened and scraped to aid in transportation. The swampy, froggy ditches have been cleared and filled; and the clinging, sweet wisteria vines have all been cut away.

Big Red was sold after I left. His owner claimed that he was not good enough for anything but dog food. He said that Red was above being a work horse and had gotten too dangerously wild to be kept around children.

The biggest change of all is that old Sharkie is no longer cooking cornbread in his shanty. I've never asked what became of him, and no one has ever offered to tell me. Surely he is cooking on a golden stove now, and he has a golden cane on which to lean while he recites his Civil War stories to a group of beautiful little angels.

—SUSAN JERNIGAN

De-Test!

Sitting in my desk;
Thinking of a test;
These I do detest;
I think I will protest.

—DANNY CAUSEY

I Was Alone

I was alone.

I walked
Through a forest once —
Without hope or faith.
There was no light — only regret.
There was no sound — only defeat.
There was no peace — only sorrow.

I walked
Through a forest once —
And He was there.
There was no darkness — only light.
There was no defeat — only hope.
There was no despair — only truth.

I am not alone.

—CONNIE MAHAFFEY

Concerning Life's Wick

How short the wick of life that's thrust,
A pinnacle quick burning, lit;
Golden in the steam
Simmering, simmering, simmering
Fast to boil its time away.
Drenched often by fluid forces,
The flame renews;
Golden, smoldering,
A vapor locked lest it lose itself
Into nothingness.
Near it consumes
And resumes but falters, flickers,
Soon to go.
So quickened in its short stay,
So sadly goes away
Into nothingness.

—RANDOLPH CARLSON

Love Is

A breath of warm air on a spring afternoon,
The feeling of strength and of self assuredness,
The search for the companionship of one who fulfills the requirements
of heaven,
The longing for someone who almost always belongs to another,
Love is the tension and unrest one feels in the presence of that
"certain someone."
What is love? Love, my friend, is searching.

—LOUIS THOMAS



What Can It Be?

What is it in this world of ours?
That makes us stare for many hours
At some object in very deep thought?
Can it be nature and all it brings?
Or the thought of the season called Spring?
No matter what our thought may be
We sit and marvel at what we see.

—DANNY CAUSEY

Fire Drills

Awake! Awake! From a pleasant sleep
That terrifying noise makes some weep.

Grab a towel; put around my neck
As someone yells "All hands on deck!"

Down with the windows and close the door.
Things to do? There's just one more.

Grab my roommate by her hand
And down to safety we both land.

Quiet! Quiet! The proctors repeat;
Back to our sleep we all retreat!

—PAT McDONALD

Exchange

How much earth does an earthworm need?
How much sky needs a bird?
We take a little;
We give a little;
We bury ourselves in the sand.
Someday the wind will come.
Someday the rain will fall.
Someday the sun will bake.
Our hiding place is not secure.
We will be found.
As the rain draws the worm from the earth,
So shall we be drawn.
As the wind tosses the bird in flight,
So shall we be tossed.
As the sun bakes every rock and grain of sand,
So shall we burn.

It is better to be an earthworm
or a grain of sand—
unknowing; not caring.

The tribulations of life are great.
better to be a bird
who sings to a rotting stump
than a man who is
a
rotting
stump

—TINKA WHITE

Life's Song

The soul sings softly
Through the night's misty dreams,
Prayers float surely over
Golden river streams.
Densely lighted dreamlands
Awaken to a dawn,
Renaissance of nature,
Life's springtime song.

—GENE BAILEY

Conformity . . .

I will not walk the beach conformity,
No tracks behind I'll leave.
I will not drink from the sweetened cup,
Nor walk their paths so steep.
I shall not hate the hated marked,
Nor fear those whom they fear.
But I walk the path eternity, and shed
Many a bitter tear.

—GENE BAILEY



Spring Love

I love the sweetness of your way,
I love to hear the things you say,
I love to have you by my side
To hear the things that I confide,
I love the sunshine of your smile
And thinking of you all the while,
I love the dear, sweet things you do—
But most of all, Dear, I love you!

—GINNY WELCH

Evening Star

I was reclining on the bed writing letters when I saw a curious reflection in the mirror. Rising over the chimney of the house across the street was a very large and brilliant star. Romanticist that I am, I made a wish on it—the first evening star. I had barely finished my childish request when the uncanny phenomenon was obvious. The star was moving! Not only was it moving noticeably, but it was moving rapidly and decidedly upward. For several moments I followed its course from the chimney to the street light then to the upper edge of my window. It was fast passing my view, but I knew I could not let it escape me. I rushed through the house and out into the autumn-chilled yard leaving the door to slam behind me. I watched this bright, blinking sphere as it whirled through space into the dying embers of the sun. It was gone; and as the blue-black curtain of night wrapped around me I wondered what it was and where it came from and where it went.

—TINKA WHITE

Love

Oh, it's been a long, hot, dry summer. The only time of day that we even have a hint of coolness is about dusk. That's about the time it was last evening when I was taking my usual stroll up the lane to the stream.

I had not been walking long when I met a stranger. After one glance I knew he was an "odd, different person." I hoped he would continue his journeying in the opposite direction, because just to look into his deep eyes made me feel uneasy in an eerie sort of way. However, somehow I knew immediately that he would turn and walk my way with me — and he did.

We had walked only a short distance when the stranger told me that he came from a long, long way off. He proceeded to say that where he lived there was no such word as "love." He had heard of the "word of wonder," and was very interested to know exactly what it was.

I thought at first that he was surely joking. Then I realized that he was dead serious. This caused me to wonder where on earth this man came from— if he came from earth!

I wanted to answer his questions, but I was completely at a loss for words. During this long, terrible drought I, myself, had begun to doubt that love even existed. No one in our area even thought of love any more except to wonder why, if God loved us, he did not send rain to our scorching crops.

As my new acquaintance and I continued our walk, we passed a tenant house. On the narrow porch sat the mother in a rocking chair, humming softly to her babe in her arms. "Wait," I said, as I pointed. "Stop! There is love — there it is."

"Yes," said the stranger.

On up the lane we saw a boy sitting on the edge of the road; he was cradling a hurt puppy in his arms. We could hear him speaking confidently and tenderly to the dog. "There is love again," I said, and we walked on.

When we arrived at the stream, which was fast going dry, we sighted a teen-aged couple resting on the bank. There they sat with their toes touching the cool, shallow water while the handsome lad read from a book of poetry. I pointed at "love" and the stranger nodded silently.

The stranger wandered back up the lane with me as it was growing dark. Just as I was about to ask him his name, I was delayed by a drop of water which fell on my forehead; then came another and another, and in a flash the rain came down forcefully. For a minute I stood looking in wonder at the grayness out across the thirsty fields. Then I remembered my stranger; but when I turned to speak, he was not there. I happened to look down just in time to read the message the stranger left in the dirt before the beating torrents washed it away. This is what I read:

"I believe we have been of help to each other this day. Would you call this wet matter coming from the heavens an act of -- 'love,' too?"

"Love,"

—SUSAN JERNIGAN



On The Nature Of A Plum Flower

Lo, the plum bloom begins.
Life's liquid is in the veins.
The crystal dew is splashed on her pink face.
Spring's warmth sifts on the glistening lace.
All is well as the plum bloom reigns.

—RANDOLPH CARLSON

In The Wind

A rosebud—
 a thorn.
A child unborn
 who will run and play,
 yet fall.
A hill to climb,
 a stream to ford,
 a green meadow in which to rest,
 to watch clouds drift,
 to hear birds sing.
A small boy,
 who on short, unsteady legs,
looks neither left nor right
 nor up or down
 but deep into the inside of things—
 under a rock
 inside a hollow stump
 beneath the muddy bottom of a stream
 within the glow of a smile—
 beyond pearly teeth and moist lips.
I hear a call in the wind
 the clouds, the sun, and the rain—
 all are my friends.
How they beckon! how they draw
 me to the pinnacle beyond the meadow.
 I have found a rose with only one thorn.

—TINKA WHITE

The Intruder

The January snow had begun again. It was sliding through the pasty air as if prompting all its white attention to the remote figure on the hushed and coated road.

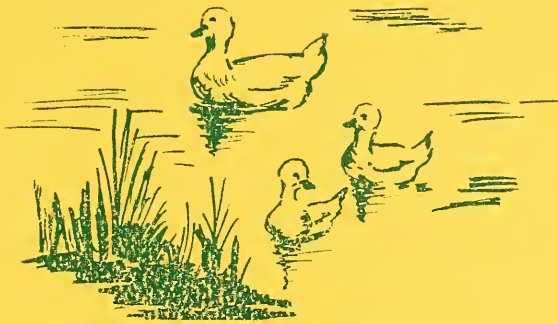
The lone student shuffled down the hill on the creamy pavement of an outlying highway not far from his college and town. He wore a thick gray coat. A tense umbrella screened the cold from his face, and tight gloves covered his hands. Bits of white skittered in front of the brown boots as they showed their wet faces with each new step. His gait was light and curious like his eyes that fell first on the clumped and hardened sage to his left and then on the robin, cast red and flirting in the brier of the sloping bank. Stopping, he stood watching the bird and the wind and the dribble of water under a network of debris in the gully by the road. He glanced up at a tall oak thrusting out its fat, icy limbs, shot a look behind to the crest of the hill, and walked on.

Farther down, he turned abruptly into the woods. A white path lay submissive under the pines as if inviting him to indent its smooth texture. The thudding of his boots changed to a soft crush in the woods, and his breath collided with his chest on each step. The wind eddied among the pines, and snow slipped to the ground. The saplings were veiled white on one side and left showing brown cakes of bark on the other where the wind had not led its white friend.

The walk lengthened. Evening was closing in. A rusty fence crawled through the scrubs by the path, as the grey figure turned this way and that. He watched the sparrows in the brush. Their home was simply painted with winter inconvenience. Each in turn, they whipped away or eyed curiously the boy passing through their quarters. He stopped by their solitary stream, watching its moving stillness. Bits of silt bounced along its bottom. He stooped, scooping in a handful of snow that broke the banks surface and sent a gray cloud along with the water. Turning up the slope but forgetting a glove lain aside, he caught a slim branch; pulled up to the path, tearing the limb from its trunk; and walked on. The glove lay wrinkled and deformed on the snow. Suddenly there was a rash crack. A rabbit vaulted insanely from under his foot. He jerked stiff, and caught only a glimpse of the animal pelting away. His eyes sketched along the darting prints in the snow back to his boot still submerged in the empty shelter. He turned nervously, deciding now to make his way back to the school. It wasn't far.

Soon he emerged from the silent and darkening woods to the murky street, one hand jammed deep in his pocket and the other carrying the smooth umbrella. He slushed across and on to the cracked cement, walking hurriedly. It was only a block from his smoke filled room, noisy friends, and screaming radio. Glaring lights flashed on the curve ahead. A car hissed passed; its rattling chains flinging soupy snow in its wake. Another sirened its horn, and the boy raised a hand in acknowledgment. He was home.

—DANNY COLLINS



The Fortunate Ones

I have been walking for hours—or is it only minutes? There is no time near the sand, the ocean, the sky. I have seen no other person, heard no other sound but the smooth lapping of the waves going out to sea. The sky is cloudless. The sun bears down to create diamonds in the sand. Everything is in perfect peace.

Only I am not part of the harmony of the scene. At first I felt the peace flowing over me. But now I know I do not belong to this beautiful place—at least, not forever. I can stay only a few moments—feel its spell only a short time—and then I must go. Some have spent their lives in such magic spots—have thought beautiful thoughts and lived tranquil lives—but most must face the world and either fight it or accept it.

I see a form in the distance. It is a child playing a game with the waves. Maybe he will be one of the few fortunate ones who will stay here. But most must leave and find their own peace in their own world.

—CONNIE MAHAFFEY

Flight

I gazed upon a valley,
So tall, so sure was I,
My arms could touch the oceans,
My head did touch the sky,
My feet, the earth, in passing touched,
Not long were they to dwell,
I rose above the valley,
My soul did seem to swell.
I floated the sky, I saw
The land,
From eyes that were not mine,
This world, this land, I left behind,
The stars near me did shine.
Now know I how, a bird must feel,
Felt I the same as he,
But the bird flies, his pleasures to find,
And I flew only to flee.

—GENE BAILEY

A Modern Parable Of Love

The minute hand forced the hour to six, and the tiny hammer inside the clock obediently began to beat the small, poor bell until it let out a frightful clamor that brought Mrs. Smith from the arms of a subconsciously desired "perfect husband" to the neat but drab work-day world that belonged to the Smith family. She just lay there for a moment. I suppose she hoped that it would stop by itself, but it didn't so she put on her glasses and put her hand out, patting the bed, for her robe. It wasn't there, but the cat was and then wasn't. By this time the bell was beginning to lose its breath, but still bravely attempted to do its duty. It was starting to irritate her now and she picked it up, noting that it was long past retirement, and started pushing and twisting, and tugging on every projection. At last it stopped, but its effect wouldn't, or at least couldn't, for another sixteen hours. She started to swear, but there was nobody to listen, so she bit her lip instead. "Dentist," she thought, "Tommy has an appointment this afternoon, and I don't see how I'll have the time." She shook Mr. Smith, as she walked past, mumbling something about breakfast and work or at least she meant it to sound like breakfast and work. She wasn't too sure just what she had said. It didn't matter; he didn't hear her anyhow. Tommy was in his bed talking softly to himself. For a boy of four and a half, he could speak fairly well, but still he had a lot more words to learn if he was going to be a doctor someday.

"Pup-py, pup-py," he said softly over and over to himself.

"No puppy!" Mrs. Smith said sternly. "How long you been awake?"

"Long time! Hour, two, maybe even three!"

Fifteen minutes, she thought. The sound of Mr. Smith shaving made her remember the world, and she walked off leaving Tommy saying over and over, "Pup-py! Pup-py!"

Two cans of Metrecal for herself, cold cereal and instant coffee for Mr. Smith, cold cereal and a vitamin with skimmed milk for Tommy. She sat there, looking into the bottom of her empty glass with disgust. "Why don't they pay him more?" she thought. "Then, I could get rub downs at the 'Y.'" The phone rang and she let it ring four times before answering. It was Mrs. King from the church.

"Marge?" Mrs. King asked.

"Yes, Grace?"

"Hi, how are you this morning? Got Grumpy off yet?"

"In just a few minutes I hope."

"Say! How'd you like the message yesterday?"

"Oh I was so shocked! You know, Grace, sometimes I think that man is an atheist!"

"You know, I've al----"

"And the way he looks at some of the women; it's the most shameful thing I've ever seen! **We're** going to have to do something about him! I told you he'd corrupt us if we let him in!"

"How's Tommy?" Mrs. King asked.

"At least at Sunday School we have good teachers who don't play



around with the Word! The minute you start tryin' to undress the Bible with revisions and other desecrations you're going straight to--- you know where!"

Mrs. Smith put her hand over the mouth piece, and said in a little louder voice, "Hurry up and finish, Tommy, and wash your mouth off!"

Mr. Smith walked in and took his coat off its hanger, kissing the Missus on the way.

"Bye," Mrs. Smith said. Then, she took her hand from the phone, "As I was saying, Grace, it's shameful the way some people try to twist Scripture to meet their own views. God's not just something to play with, you know!"

"Did you hear about Grace Lauing?" Mrs. King asked.

"You mean about her and old Mr. Stephens? Yes, I heard. They say she leaves the house every Tuesday night at exactly seven thirty, and doesn't come home until at least three in the morning! Someone tried to tell me she was nursing her sick mother-in-law, but that old bat wouldn't help anybody but herself! I saw the way Mr. Stephens smiles at her Sunday morning! He knows something all right, and now we do too! We ought to drop by some evening real friendly like and catch them in the act! I've been asking everybody to pray for them, so they can see the light and be saved!"

She again placed her hand over the mouthpiece and raised her voice.

"Tommy, what are you doing? Get out here, before I spank you good!"

"Where was I? Oh yes, I always knew they weren't any good for this Church. I hope they move. Maybe if we all give them the silent treatment, if you know what I mean, we can freeze 'em out."

"Tommy!" she called again, "what are you doing?"

"Look, Marge," Mrs. King said, "I'll call you back later. Bye!"

Mrs. Smith went into the bathroom and when she turned the corner, she saw red slime slowly covering the floor. "Tommy! What have you spilt?"

Then she saw the blond shock of hair lying on the sticky puddle. His face and neck were covered with scarlet shaving cream, and his hand held his Father's razor.

"No!" said she. "My hair isn't combed. Where's my lipstick? The dishes out of sight or the doctor'll think I'm a terrible housekeeper. Then . . ."

—HANK ROBERTS



